MAY-JUNE
NO. 21
10c

SUPERMAN · DC · NATIONAL COMICS

BIG TOWN

NEW STORIES of TV's HIT SHOW!

BUZZY gets tips on CHOOSING A PROFESSION!

HI, DANNY. COMING TO OUR MEETING LATER? JIM HALLEY'S GOING TO TALK TO US ABOUT SELECTING A CAREER.
AW, WHAT DOES HE KNOW? ALL HE DOES IS SIT AND TALK TO A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET ALONG.
WHAT'S HE DONE FOR MY BIG BROTHER? MIKE USED TO LOAF AROUND AND DRAW PICTURES ALL THE TIME. NOW, SINCE THAT GUY, HALLEY, STARTED COMING AROUND, HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING. I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN MUCH OF HIM RECENTLY.
MAYBE THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT, DANNY...
MIKE!
I'VE BEEN BUSY TAKING COURSES IN DRAFTSMANSHIP--THANKS TO JIM'S HELP. HE PUT ME WISE TO A LOT OF THINGS--MOSTLY ON HOW TO HELP MYSELF. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE MY DRAWING STARTS PAYING OFF.
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT JIM AND THE KIND OF WORK HE DOES. EVERYBODY NEEDS HELP SOMETIMES--AND SOMEBODY HAS TO KNOW HOW TO HELP PEOPLE WITHOUT BLAMING THEM FOR THE JAMS THEY GET INTO OR THE WAY THEY ACT.
YEAH, I GUESS SO. WELL, MAYBE I'LL GO WITH YOU TO THAT MEETING, BUZZY...
LATER...
YOU'VE TOLD US ABOUT DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS, MR. HALLEY. HOW ABOUT YOUR OWN PROFESSION--COMMUNITY WELFARE WORK?
IT'S A PRETTY GOOD BET, DANNY. THE FIELD IS WIDE OPEN. THERE'S GOING TO BE A SHORTAGE OF SOCIAL WORKERS FOR YEARS--AND YOU HAVE A BIG CHOICE OF IMPORTANT JOBS.
YOU CAN HELP KIDS OR FAMILIES OR OLD PEOPLE OR SICK PEOPLE. YOU CAN RUN CAMPS OR RECREATION CENTERS. YOU CAN DO RESEARCH OR HELP TOWNS PLAN FOR BETTER THINGS. IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN.
IF YOU LIKE PEOPLE AND WANT TO HELP LICK SOME OF TODAY'S BIG PROBLEMS, THERE MAY BE A CAREER IN SOCIAL WORK FOR YOU. GET IN TOUCH WITH A SOCIAL AGENCY IN YOUR TOWN ABOUT A VOLUNTEER JOB THAT COULD HELP YOU DECIDE. THERE'S A LOT OF SATISFACTION IN HELPING PEOPLE AND TOWNS AND EVEN COUNTRIES TO HELP THEMSELVES.

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

BIG TOWN
CRACK!
WHAT HAVE I STUMBLED INTO--A NEST OF CREATURES FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
STEEL-NERVED REPORTER STEVE WILSON HAS HIS COURAGE TESTED TO THE BREAKING POINT BY A VILLAINOUS CREW WHO CLAIM TO BE VISITORS FROM SPACE--CREATURES FROM ANOTHER PLANET--WHO PERFORM AMAZING, UNEARTHLY DEEDS TO PROVE IT! IN...
The STRANGE INVASION of BIG TOWN!

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IN *BIG TOWN'S* NATIONAL BANK ONE DAY, A BANKER GETS A SHOCK ...

YOU--WANT ME TO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL, MR. BOYNTON--OF--*$1,500,000 IN CASH?*

THAT'S RIGHT, SON! HURRY IT UP!

AS THE ELDERLY AND FABULOUSLY RICH PHILLIPS BOYNTON LEAVES THE BANK ...

GET A MOVE ON, SON! THROW THE MONEY ON THE REAR SEAT!

TH-THROW IT, MR. BOYNTON?

NAT'L BANK

AT ANOTHER BANK--SOON AFTER ...

YOU WANT TO TAKE TWO MILLION DOLLARS OUT OF YOUR ACCOUNT, MR. BOYNTON?

IN SMALL BILLS! HAVE THEM BROUGHT OUT TO MY CAR!

AS THE EXTRA-ORDINARY TOUR CONTINUES, A POLICE GUARD FORMS AROUND THE MONEY-CRAMMED LIMOUSINE..

THE OLD GUY IS CARRYING *EIGHT MILLION* IN CASH NOW!

AND HE WON'T SAY WHY HE'S DOING THIS! OUR ORDERS ARE TO STICK WITH HIM!

REPORTERS, TOO, FLOCK TO THE STARTLING EVENT--INCLUDING CRACK NEWSMAN, STEVE WILSON!

I'VE KNOWN YOU A LONG TIME, MR. BOYNTON! CAN'T YOU GIVE ME A HINT WHAT YOU'RE UP TO?

SORRY, STEVE--BUT I CAN'T TELL ANYONE!

AT THE GATES OF THE HIGH-WALLED BOYNTON ESTATE--SHORTLY AFTER...

HE COLLECTS ALL THAT CABBAGE--AND GOES HOME WITH IT!

IT'S CRAZY--BUT THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST IT--NOTHING WE CAN DO!

P.D.

BUT STEVE WILSON IS NOT A MAN TO BE THWARTED BY A CLOSED GATE...
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MR. BOYNTON'S BEHAVIOR I DON'T LIKE -- SOMETHING STRANGE!
AS THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS-MAN COOLLY STRIDES TOWARD THE GREAT HOUSE...
HE MUST TALK TO ME--I'LL--
IKALA KOO MOH!
HUH?
SUDDENLY THE LONE INTRUDER IS ATTACKED BY THE WEIRD-LOOKING CREW....
MISSED! MY TURN NOW!
TRENDA! AKON!
SWISH!
THEN--AS STEVE TRIES TO SET UP HIS ASSAILANT FOR A KAYO PUNCH...
OOF!
EITHER MY EYES HAVE GONE BAD OR HIS ARM IS STRETCHING!
THE NEXT MOMENT...
A GIANT! THESE CREATURES ARE LIKE--SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
UGH!
CRACK!
TAKE HIM INTO THE HOUSE, QUENDRO!

LATER--IN THE MANSION--WHERE THE NEWSHAWK HAS COME TO...

BUT, MR. BOYNTON--!

YOU COULD HAVE SPOILED EVERYTHING, STEVE! THESE PEOPLE ARE FROM ANOTHER WORLD--AND THEY'RE MY FRIENDS! LISTEN...

"I WAS IN MY ROOM READING ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS THE OTHER NIGHT..."

W-WHAT IS THAT? MY EYES ARE OLD AND DIM--BUT I SEEM TO SEE A STRANGE OBJECT LANDING ON MY LAWN--

"I RUSHED OUTSIDE--TO FIND THAT THE OBJECT HAD OPENED.. AND THEY HAD COME OUT OF IT..."

WE ARE PEACEFUL, EARTHMAN! ALLOW US TO REMAIN HERE--TELL NO ONE ABOUT US AND WE WILL GRANT YOU ANY WISH YOU MAKE!

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE WISH I COULD MAKE--TO BE YOUNG AGAIN! THEY INSTANTLY AGREED..."

YOU'LL GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH? I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING!

WE WANT NO REWARD! WE COME HERE ONLY TO COLLECT SAMPLES OF EARTH CULTURE--ONE OF EVERYTHING--TO TAKE HOME WITH US!

"I UNDERSTOOD THEN THE PURPOSE OF THEIR VISIT! BUT I TOLD THEM THEY'D NEED MONEY TO BUY THE THINGS..."

MONEY? WHAT IS THAT?

IT'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT PLENTY OF! DON'T YOU WORRY! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL YOU'LL NEED!

"THEY'RE EATING NOW! THEY HAVE THE QUEEREST CUSTOMS AND HABITS..."

I CAN'T BELIEVE ALL THIS, MR. BOYNTON!

LOOK! THAT ONE EATS FIRE! HE COMES FROM A DIFFERENT PART OF THEIR PLANET!

SOON AFTER... THE CREATURES APPROACH THE BOUND NEWSMAN...

THE SPECIAL TIME-REVERSAL CABINET IS READY NOW, MR. BOYNTON! BUT FIRST, WE SHALL TEST IT OUT WITH THIS HUMAN--

ALL RIGHT--BUT DON'T HURT HIM!

HELPLESS, STEVE IS STRAPPED INSIDE THE WEIRDLY-SHAPED CABINET...

TIME-REVERSAL? I MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

START THE RAY!

A MINUTE PASSES--2 MINUTES... 3... THEN SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS...

Y-YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THIS TO ME!

STEVE WILSON! YOU'RE A CHILD AGAIN!

EAGERLY, THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE DASHES INTO THE "MAGIC" CABINET...

DO IT TO ME! MAKE ME YOUNG AGAIN! HURRY!

AS YOU WISH, MR. BOYNTON! CLOSE IT, QUENDRO!

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CABINET--AS THE MOMENTS TICK BY...

IT'S WORKING! I FEEL IT! I BET IF I COULD SEE MYSELF NOW--I WON'T LOOK A DAY OVER TWENTY-FIVE! WHY DON'T THEY OPEN THE DOOR?

IMPATIENTLY, MR. BOYNTON GROPES AROUND HIM--HIS HAND TOUCHES A LEVER--AND...

HAVE THEY FORGOTTEN ME IN HERE? I MUST GET OUT--UHH! I'M FALLING!

A MOMENT LATER--IN A CHAMBER BELOW...

UNTIE ME, MR. BOYNTON--QUICK! I'M AFRAID I DO UNDERSTAND!

STEVE! I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

PLUMMP!

SHORTLY--UPSTAIRS--STEVE PUTS THROUGH A CALL TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

AND THE GANG'S GONE, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN--WITH ALL OF BOYNTON'S MONEY!

CON MEN WHO LOOK LIKE FREAKS--POSING AS CREATURES FROM ANOTHER WORLD? NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

LATER IN THE CAB OF HARRY THE HACK, THE ACE NEWS--HAWK'S CABBIE PAL...

THOSE CROOKS MUST BE MILES AWAY BY NOW, STEVE!

MAYBE NOT, HARRY. THEY MIGHT TRY LYING LOW TILL THE HEAT'S OFF--HOLD IT A SECOND!

MARTIAN INVASION? I WONDER--THERE'S JUST A CHANCE, A SLIM CHANCE--! HEAD FOR THE FAIR GROUNDS, HARRY!

THE MARTIAN INVASION! SEE A PREVIEW OF THE FUTURE AT THE STATE FAIR! AMAZING SPECTA

WHILE IN A DRESSING ROOM AT THE FAIR--NOT FAR AWAY...

WE SHOULDA LAMMED!

NAH! THIS IS OUR LAST NIGHT HERE, CHOLLY! IF WE DIDN'T SHOW UP, IT WOULD LOOK SUSPICIOUS!

AS THE "MARTIAN INVASION" BEGINS...

A CAR WITH A "SPACESHIP" BODY! AND ROCKETS SHOT UP FROM ITS TAIL MAKE IT SEEM IT'S JUST LANDING!

SCI

ARS

SEE THE WEIRD

OUT OF THE "SHIP" COME THE "INVADERS"...

IT'S *THEM*! C'MON, HARRY!

IKALA MOH!

CUT THE DOUBLE-TALK! LOOK--IT'S STEVE WILSON!

GRIMLY, THE DOUGHTY NEWSHAWK WHIRLS AT THE SURPRISED GANG...

STRETCHING AGAIN! YOU'RE WHAT THEY CALL AN "INDIAN RUBBER MAN", AREN'T YOU?

I'LL KAYO HIM WHEN I SNAP BACK!

BLAM!

BUT, AS THE ELASTIC-BODIED FREAK "SNAPS BACK", HIS TARGET DEFTLY DUCKS--AND--

POW!

GIANT--MIDGET--FIRE-EATER--PRACTICALLY A WHOLE CIRCUS SIDESHOW IN THIS GANG!

SUDDENLY... THE FIRE-EATER ACTS TO HALT THE AROUSED NEWSMAN...

QUICK! INTO THE SHIP! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

HUH? THAT GUY MUST BE MADE OUTTA ASBESTOS, STEVE!

UNDER COVER OF THE WALL OF FIRE, THE GANG PILES INTO ITS UNIQUE VEHICLE...

LET'S GO!

BACK TO YOUR CAB, HARRY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

MOMENT'S LATER... THE "SPACESHIP" HURTLES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS EXIT, CLOSELY PURSUED BY STEVE AND HIS INDOMITABLE HACKIE CHUM...

WOW! I'M A LICENSED CABBIE--BUT AFTER THIS I'M APPLYIN' FOR MY JET PILOT'S TICKET!

WHOOSH

FIRING ROCKETS AT US! KEEP SWERVING FROM SIDE TO SIDE, HARRY!

WHAM!

THEN... AS THE EXIT GATE COMES INTO VIEW...
POLICE BARRICADE! AND THERE'S CALLAHAN! HOORAY!
CRASH!!
AS THE BATTERED THIEVES EMERGE... WITH THEIR HANDS HIGH...
I DECIDED TO HAVE A LOOK AT THESE "INVADERS FROM MARS" TOO, STEVE!
DON'T SHOOT!
WE GIVE UP!
AFTER THE BAND HAS BEEN CAPTURED...
HERE'S BOYNTON'S MONEY--EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH!
THEY WERE PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES, ALL RIGHT!
LATER... ON THE MILLIONAIRE'S ESTATE--BOYNTON AND STEVE DISCUSS THE AFFAIR DURING A BRISK WALK...
I'LL NEVER TRY TO BECOME YOUNG AGAIN, STEVE! I'M OLD--AND THAT'S THAT!
OLD? YOU ARE AS YOUNG AS THEY COME, MR. BOYNTON! WHEW! I CAN HARDLY KEEP UP WITH YOU!
THE END

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Famous NEWSPAPER Firsts

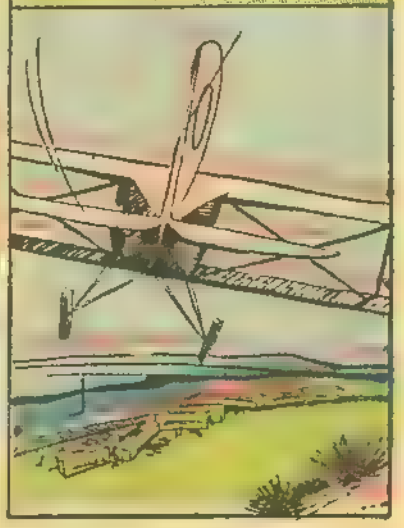
ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1833, BARNEY FLAHERTY, A TEN-YEAR OLD LAD ANSWERED A WANT AD IN THE NEW YORK *SUN*, AND THUS BECAME THE FIRST NEWSPAPER DELIVERY BOY...

TO THE UNEMPLOYED--A NUMBER OF STEADY MEN CAN FIND EMPLOYMENT BY VENDING THIS PAPER... A LIBERAL DISCOUNT IS ALLOWED TO THOSE WHO BUY TO SELL AGAIN...

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHED NEWS STORY WAS DISPATCHED FROM WASHINGTON D.C. TO THE BALTIMORE *PATRIOT*, MAY 25, 1844...

"ONE O'CLOCK THERE HAS JUST BEEN A MOTION IN THE HOUSE TO GO INTO COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE OREGON QUESTION. REJECTED. AYES-79, NAYS-86."

THE BALTIMORE *EVENING SUN* WAS THE FIRST NEWSPAPER TO EMPLOY AN AIRPLANE TO COVER A NEWS EVENT--A RAILROAD WRECK AT BANK RIVER, MARYLAND --SEPTEMBER 1, 1920...



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Your dealer will do the rest

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NEW RAIN-SOFT RINSO GUARANTEES YOU A WASH THAT'S WHITER, BRIGHTER THAN NEW!
MOM SAYS MY DRESSES ARE BRIGHTER NOW THAN WHEN THEY CAME FROM THE STORE!
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ONLY RINSO CONTAINS SOLIUM . . . PUTS SUNSHINE IN YOUR WASH!

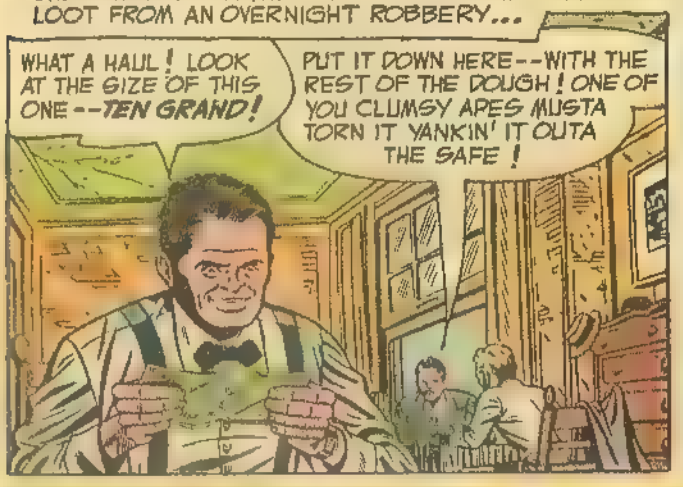
BIG TOWN

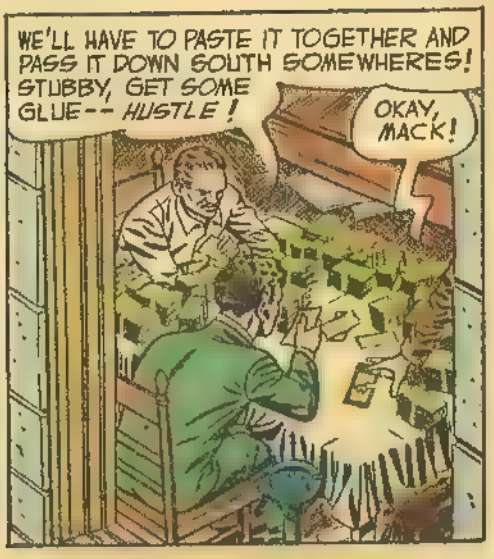
WAS IT AN ACCIDENT THAT RIPPED THE $10,000 BANK-NOTE IN TWO? OR WAS IT FATE? WHATEVER AGENCY LAY BEHIND THE FREAKISH MISCHANCE, IT STARTED A STRANGE SERIES OF ADVENTURES--AFFECTING PEOPLE IN OPPOSITE WALKS OF LIFE--AND WOUND UP BY PLUNGING STEVE WILSON INTO SPINE-TINGLING DANGER--WITH EITHER THE STORY OF THE YEAR--OR DEATH--AS THE OUTCOME!

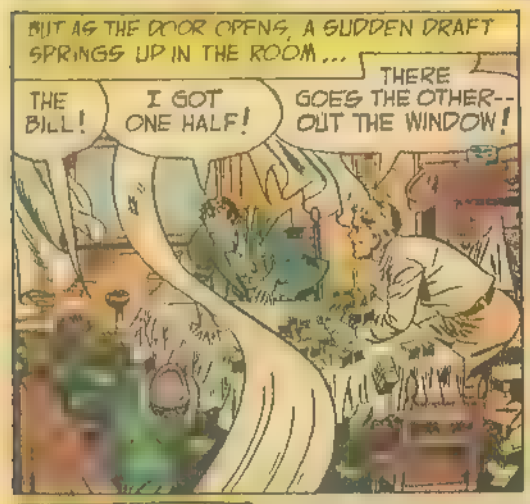
HALF WAY to PERIL

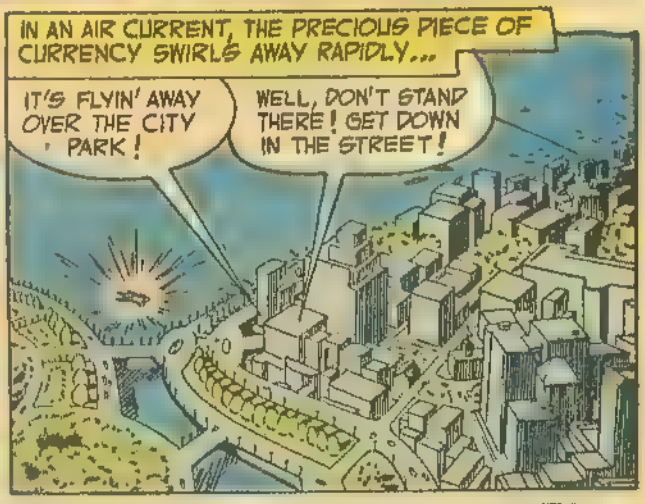
FREEZE, PAPER BOY! FORGET THAT YOU AN' BLONDIE EVER SAW THAT TORN BILL--AN' YOU BOTH STAY HEALTHY!
HARVEY REYNOLDS, NATIONALLY FAMOUS CONTRACTOR. WHOSE LIFE IS SAVED BY THE FATEFUL $10,000 BILL HALF...
HAL GORDON, UNEMPLOYED ACTOR.. WHOSE SECOND CHANCE IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD IS AIDED BY THE UNUSUAL BILL...

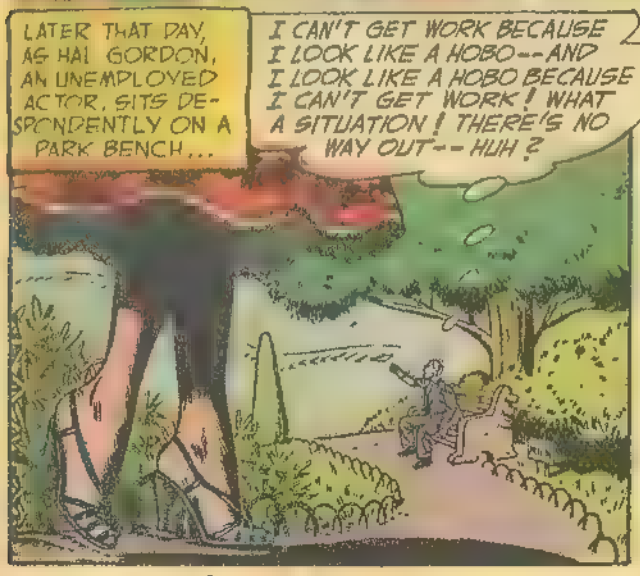
IN THE *GRAND HOTEL*--IN *BIG TOWN'S* SORDID UNDERWORLD--A TRIO OF CROOKS TOTALS UP THE LOOT FROM AN OVERNIGHT ROBBERY...

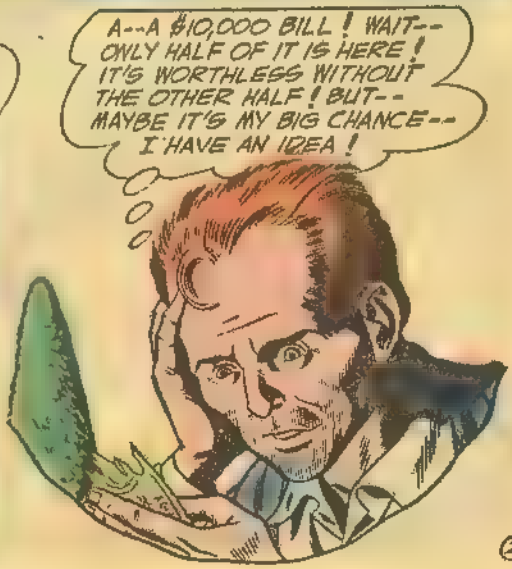

WHAT A HAUL! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS ONE--*TEN GRAND!*
PUT IT DOWN HERE--WITH THE REST OF THE DOUGH! ONE OF YOU CLUMSY APES MUSTA TORN IT YANKIN' IT OUTA THE SAFE!





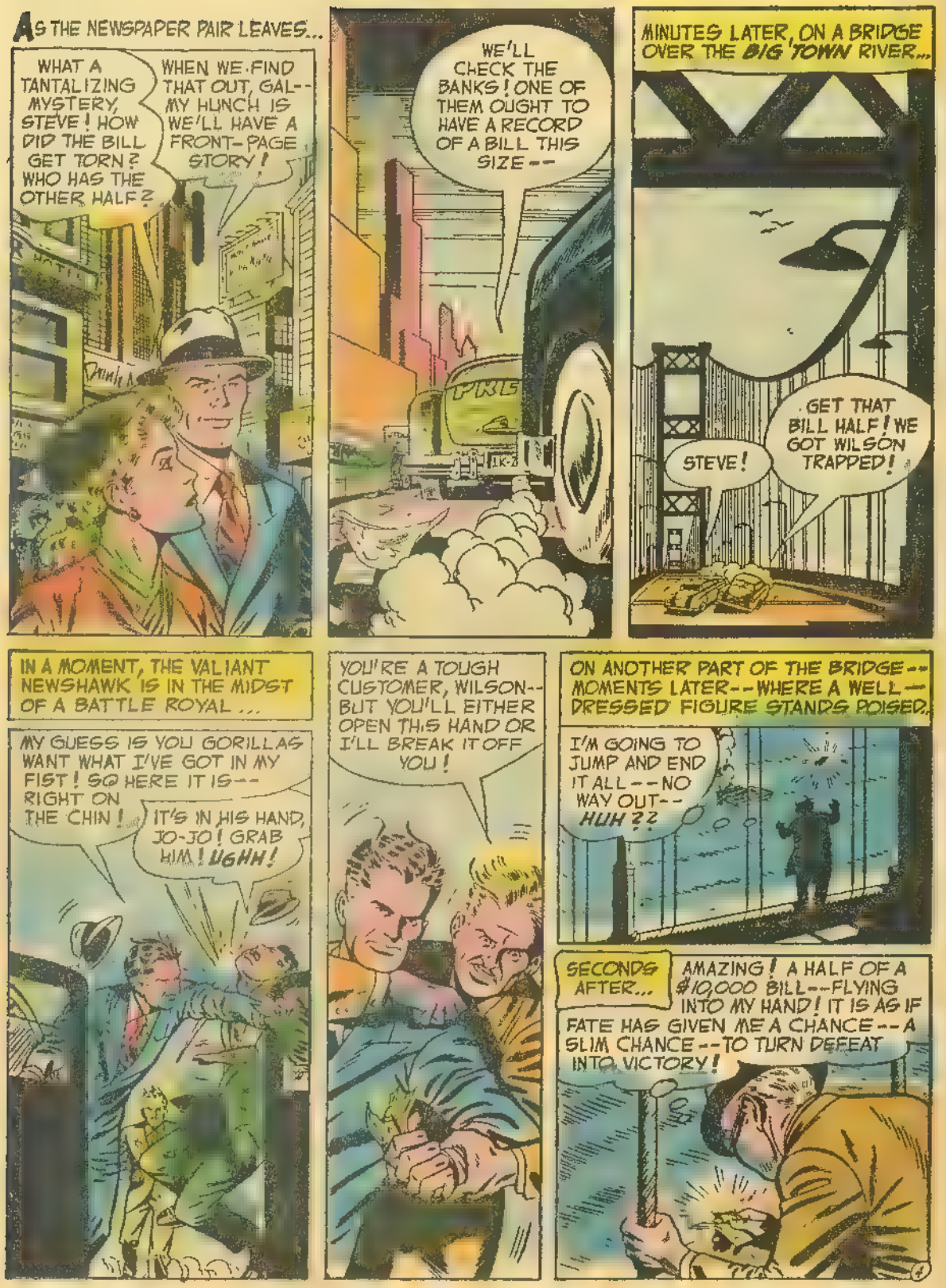

IN AN AIR CURRENT, THE PRECIOUS PIECE OF CURRENCY SWIRLS AWAY RAPIDLY...
IT'S FLYIN' AWAY OVER THE CITY PARK!
WELL, DON'T STAND THERE! GET DOWN IN THE STREET!


LATER THAT DAY, AS HAL GORDON, AN UNEMPLOYED ACTOR, SITS DESPONDENTLY ON A PARK BENCH...
I CAN'T GET WORK BECAUSE I LOOK LIKE A HOBO--AND I LOOK LIKE A HOBO BECAUSE I CAN'T GET WORK! WHAT A SITUATION! THERE'S NO WAY OUT-- HUH?

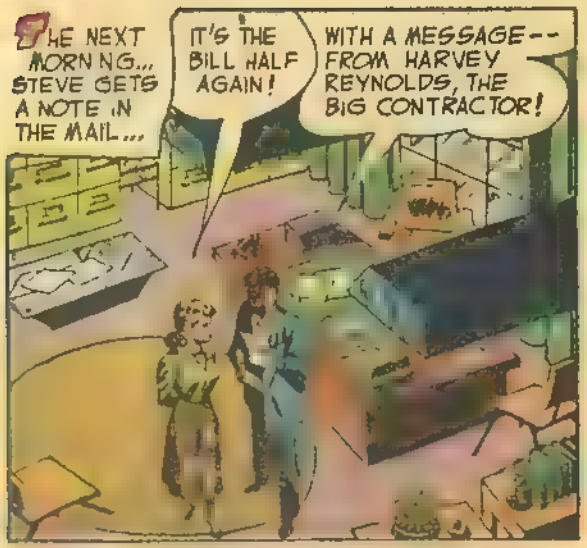


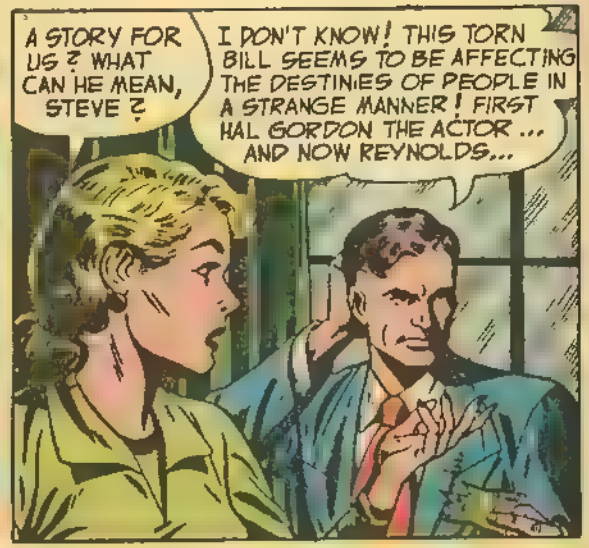
BIG TOWN

AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL ... LATER...
WHEN I PAY MY BILL AT THE END OF THE WEEK, I MAY HAVE TO CASH THIS! I SUPPOSE THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT?
A T-TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL! YES, SIR! OF COURSE, SIR!
WE'LL CHECK HIS REFERENCES DURING THE WEEK!
SOON AFTER-- IN A FINE SUITE IN THE HOTEL...
ROOM SERVICE--SEND UP A TAILOR! I WANT TO SELECT SOME NEW SUITS! AND FOR DINNER--PLEASE RESERVE A TABLE FOR ME IN THE HOTEL DINING ROOM!
THAT EVENING... IN THE DINING ROOM...
I KNOW THAT WITH A GOOD APPEARANCE AND A GOOD ADDRESS I'LL BE ABLE TO LAND A JOB--AND PAY FOR EVERYTHING! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN! BUT NOW THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO!
FROM THE LOBBY, HAL PHONES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF HIS..
YES, HAL--THIS IS STEVE WILSON! HUH? A TERRIFIC STORY? WAIT THERE!
GET YOUR HAT, LORELEI! WE'RE DINING OUT TODAY!
SOON AFTER...
--AND HERE IT IS, STEVE! ALL I ASK IN RETURN IS THAT YOU PAY FOR THE MEAL!
FAIR ENOUGH, HAL! IT LOOKS REAL ALL RIGHT--NO COUNTERFEIT!
10,000
MEANWHILE--UNSEEN EYES ARE RIVETED ON THE TRIO...
THERE HE IS... THAT'S THE GUY WHO'S BEEN FLASHING A $10,000 BILL IN THIS HOTEL!
HE JUST HANDED IT TO STEVE WILSON!
3

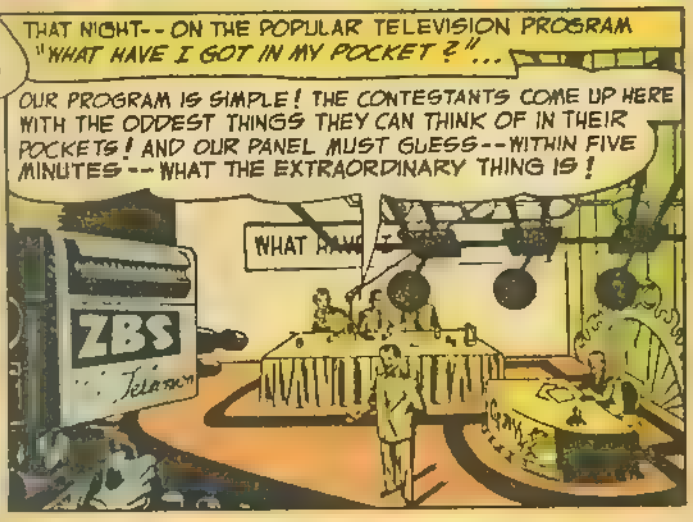

AS THE NEWSPAPER PAIR LEAVES...
WHAT A TANTALIZING MYSTERY, STEVE! HOW DID THE BILL GET TORN? WHO HAS THE OTHER HALF?
WHEN WE FIND THAT OUT, GAL--MY HUNCH IS WE'LL HAVE A FRONT-PAGE STORY!
WE'LL CHECK THE BANKS! ONE OF THEM OUGHT TO HAVE A RECORD OF A BILL THIS SIZE--
MINUTES LATER, ON A BRIDGE OVER THE BIG TOWN RIVER...
STEVE!
GET THAT BILL HALF! WE GOT WILSON TRAPPED!
IN A MOMENT, THE VALIANT NEWSHAWK IS IN THE MIDST OF A BATTLE ROYAL...
MY GUESS IS YOU GORILLAS WANT WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY FIST! SO HERE IT IS--RIGHT ON THE CHIN!
IT'S IN HIS HAND, JO-JO! GRAB HIM! UGHH!
YOU'RE A TOUGH CUSTOMER, WILSON--BUT YOU'LL EITHER OPEN THIS HAND OR I'LL BREAK IT OFF YOU!
ON ANOTHER PART OF THE BRIDGE--MOMENTS LATER--WHERE A WELL-DRESSED FIGURE STANDS POISED.
I'M GOING TO JUMP AND END IT ALL--NO WAY OUT--HUH??
SECONDS AFTER...
AMAZING! A HALF OF A $10,000 BILL--FLYING INTO MY HAND! IT IS AS IF FATE HAS GIVEN ME A CHANCE--A SLIM CHANCE--TO TURN DEFEAT INTO VICTORY!

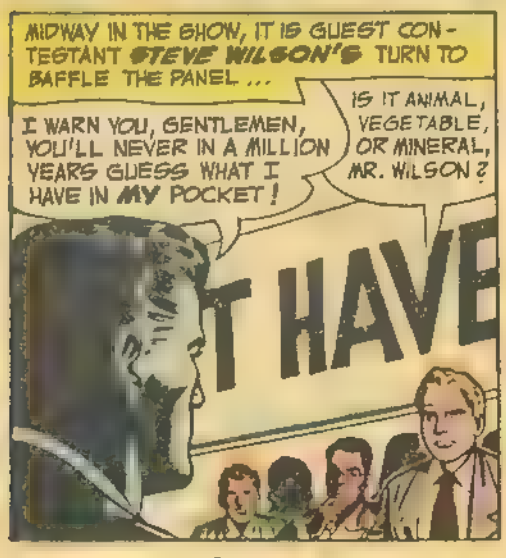
MEANWHILE ... HEAVY ODDS HAVE FINALLY DOWNED THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN ...
WHERE'S THE BILL? HE MUST HAVE STASHED IT ON HIM SOMEHOW!
NEVER MIND THE BILL NOW--HERE COME THE COPS!
RRRK N'A!
A FEW SECONDS AFTER LORELEI HAS ARRIVED WITH A POLICE CAR IN TOW...
--AND THEN THE BILL HALF FLEW OUT OF YOUR HAND, STEVE? WELL, AT LEAST, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
YES, BUT THE CROOKS ARE GONE--AND SO IS THE BILL!
ABOUT AN HOUR LATER--IN THE FANCY, CREDITOR-THREATENING OFFICES OF REYNOLDS AND COMPANY
COCKY HARVEY REYNOLDS CALLS IN HIS OFFICE BOY...
YOU OWE US OVER $1,000,000, REYNOLDS! PAY UP--OR WE'LL FORCE YOU INTO BANKRUPTCY! WE'LL DISGRACE YOU PUBLICLY!
HOW CAN HE PAY? HE HASN'T A CENT LEFT!
GET ME SOME CIGARS, WILLIE! ER--I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING SMALLER THAN THIS $10,000 BILL...
A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL!
I--I'LL CHARGE IT, MR. REYNOLDS! I COULDN'T CASH THAT!
HE CAN'T BE RUINED--IF HE'S GOING AROUND WITH $10,000 BILLS IN HIS POCKET! WE MUST RECONSIDER...
MAYBE WE'VE BEEN--ER--HASTY, MR. REYNOLDS! WE'LL WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK FOR OUR MONEY!
I FEEL LIKE A MAN WHO'S BEEN GIVEN A STAY OF EXECUTION! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN A WEEK!

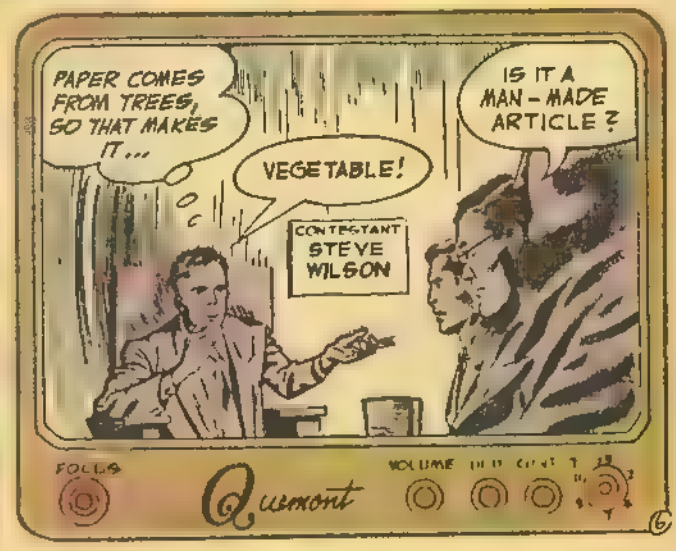

THE NEXT MORNING... STEVE GETS A NOTE IN THE MAIL...
IT'S THE BILL HALF AGAIN!
WITH A MESSAGE-- FROM HARVEY REYNOLDS, THE BIG CONTRACTOR!


A STORY FOR US? WHAT CAN HE MEAN, STEVE?
I DON'T KNOW! THIS TORN BILL SEEMS TO BE AFFECTING THE DESTINIES OF PEOPLE IN A STRANGE MANNER! FIRST HAL GORDON THE ACTOR... AND NOW REYNOLDS...

THOSE GANGSTERS WHO ATTACKED YOU--THEY MUST HAVE THE OTHER HALF!
RIGHT! THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THIS HALF! BUT MAYBE -- MAYBE WE CAN OUTWIT THEM!


THAT NIGHT-- ON THE POPULAR TELEVISION PROGRAM "WHAT HAVE I GOT IN MY POCKET?"...
OUR PROGRAM IS SIMPLE! THE CONTESTANTS COME UP HERE WITH THE ODDEST THINGS THEY CAN THINK OF IN THEIR POCKETS! AND OUR PANEL MUST GUESS--WITHIN FIVE MINUTES-- WHAT THE EXTRAORDINARY THING IS!
ZBS


MIDWAY IN THE SHOW, IT IS GUEST CONTESTANT STEVE WILSON'S TURN TO BAFFLE THE PANEL...
I WARN YOU, GENTLEMEN, YOU'LL NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS GUESS WHAT I HAVE IN MY POCKET!
IS IT ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL, MR. WILSON?
T HAVE


PAPER COMES FROM TREES, SO THAT MAKES IT...
VEGETABLE!
IS IT A MAN-MADE ARTICLE?
CONTESTANT STEVE WILSON
FOLDS
Quemont

AS THE QUESTION PERIOD DRAWS TO A CLOSE ...
IT HAS WRITING ON IT--AND HALF A PICTURE? WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP!
LET US GUESS, WILSON!
THAT WAS I GOT IN MY POCKET
SUDDENLY--A TRIO WITH DRAWN GUNS LEAPS ON THE STAGE...
YOU GOT HALF A $10,000 BILL IN YOUR POCKET! RIGHT, PAL?
WE'LL BLAST THE FIRST ONE THAT MAKES A MOVE!
AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAND IT OVER TO US! RIGHT, WILSON?
BUT AT THE SAME MOMENT--ASTONISHINGLY--THE THREE "PANEL EXPERTS" GO INTO ACTION...
MACK--LOOK! SUBMACHINE-GUNS! TH-THOSE GUYS AREN'T TELEVISION PERFORMERS!
YOU HOODS WON'T PLUG ANYBODY! REACH!
KET?
NO! THEY'RE PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES! WE HOPED YOU'D HEAR I WAS ON THIS PROGRAM--AND THAT YOU'D FIGURE I MIGHT TRY TO STUMP THE PANEL WITH THE $10,000 BILL HALF!
RUN FOR IT! THEY'LL BE AFRAID TO FIRE INTO THE CROWD AFTER US!
AS THE THUGS LEAP FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, THE ACE NEWSHAWK CATAPULTS AFTER THEM...
HOLD IT! NOBODY IS ALLOWED TO LEAVE UNTIL THE SHOW IS OVER!
CRASH!
IN CLOSE QUARTERS THE MUSCULAR REPORTER SOON PROVES HE IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR HIS GUN-TOTING FOES...
NOW THE SHOW IS OVER--AND NOW YOU THUGS CAN LEAVE--IN THE PADDY WAGON!
WAK!

AFTER INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN HAVE FINALLY WORMED THE TRUTH OUT OF THE GANG...

SO THE VICTIM OF THOSE THIEVES WAS "BIG BILL" KNAPP, THE MILLIONAIRE WHOSE HOBBY IS BIG BILLS!

RIGHT, LORELEI--AND CALLAHAN HAS GIVEN US THE HAPPY ASSIGNMENT OF RETURNING THE MONEY!

INSIDE THE KNAPP MANSION SOON AFTER...

MY SAFE WAS ROBBED WHILE I WAS AWAY LAST WEEK? IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S 100% BURGLAR-PROOF! HERE I'LL SHOW YOU--UHH!--

--EMPTY!

YOU'D BETTER HAVE A NEW SAFE INSTALLED, MR. KNAPP!

AS STEVE EMPTIES THE CONTENTS OF HIS SATCHEL...

IT--IT'S ALL HERE! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS $10,000 NOTE?

THAT ONE? TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT *THAT*, MR. KNAPP, YOU'D BETTER READ TONIGHT'S *ILLUSTRATED PRESS!*

SHORTLY--BACK IN THE CENTER OF TOWN...

STRANGE WHAT JUST A TORN PIECE OF PAPER CAN DO, LORELEI! THE BILL HALF GAVE HAL GORDON A NEW LEASE ON LIFE! HE'S IN A HIT SHOW NOW--AND HAS PAID FOR EVERYTHING HE "BOUGHT" WITH IT!

IT GAVE HARVEY REYNOLDS THE WEEK'S GRACE HE NEEDED TO GET A BANK LOAN AND PAY HIS CREDITORS! HE'S MORE SUCCESSFUL NOW THAN EVER!

ALSO, STEVE--GREED FOR IT PUT THOSE CROOKS BEHIND BARS!

HARVEY REYNOLDS

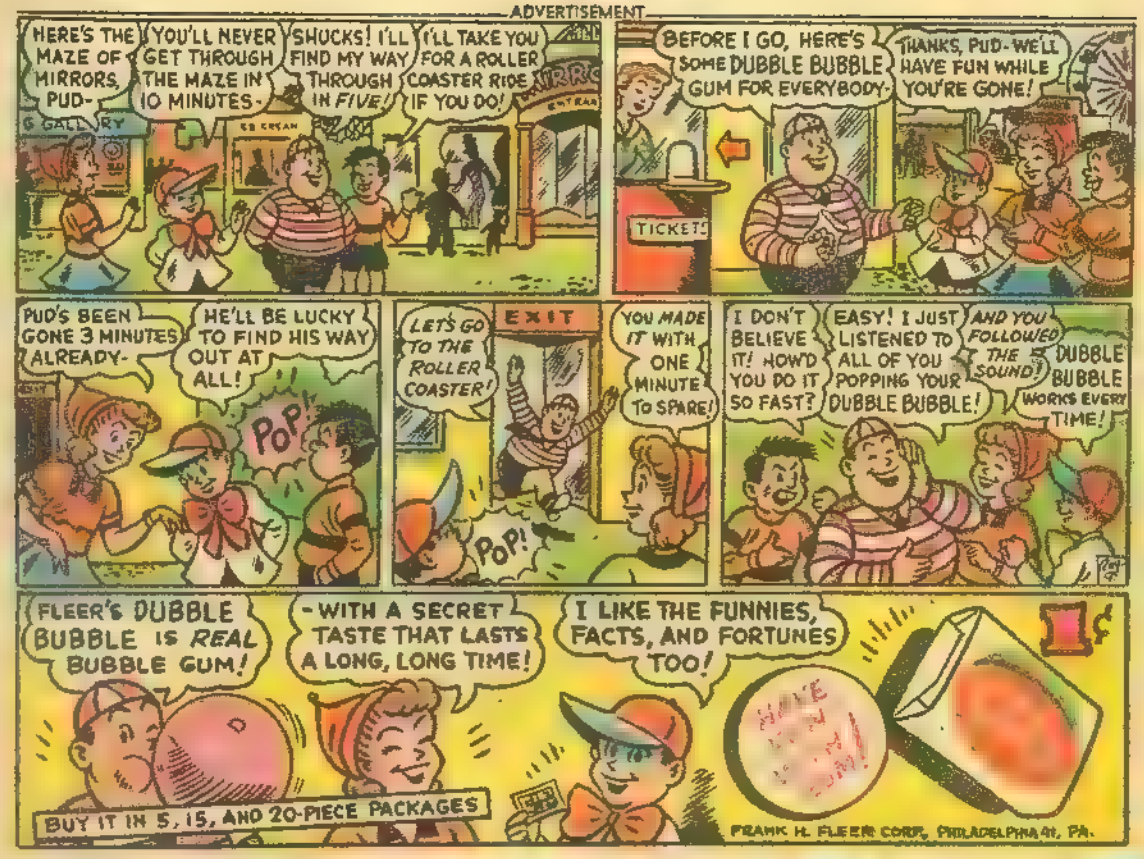
EXTRA! TORN $10,000 BILL LEADS TO CAPTURE OF SAFE-CRACKING GANG! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, GAL--IT GAVE US THE HEADLINE OF THE WEEK!

NEWSPAPERS MAGAZINES

The End

ADVERTISEMENT


HERE'S THE MAZE OF MIRRORS, PUD-
YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE MAZE IN 10 MINUTES-
SHUCKS! I'LL FIND MY WAY THROUGH IN FIVE!
I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A ROLLER COASTER RIDE IF YOU DO!
GALLERY
ICE CREAM
MIRRORS
ENTRANCE
BEFORE I GO, HERE'S SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM FOR EVERYBODY-
THANKS, PUD-WE'LL HAVE FUN WHILE YOU'RE GONE!
TICKETS
PUD'S BEEN GONE 3 MINUTES ALREADY-
HE'LL BE LUCKY TO FIND HIS WAY OUT AT ALL!
POP!
LET'S GO TO THE ROLLER COASTER!
EXIT
YOU MADE IT WITH ONE MINUTE TO SPARE!
POP!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOW'D YOU DO IT SO FAST?
EASY! I JUST LISTENED TO ALL OF YOU POPPING YOUR DUBBLE BUBBLE!
AND YOU FOLLOWED THE SOUND!
DUBBLE BUBBLE WORKS EVERY TIME!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS REAL BUBBLE GUM!
-WITH A SECRET TASTE THAT LASTS A LONG, LONG TIME!
I LIKE THE FUNNIES, FACTS, AND FORTUNES TOO!
1¢
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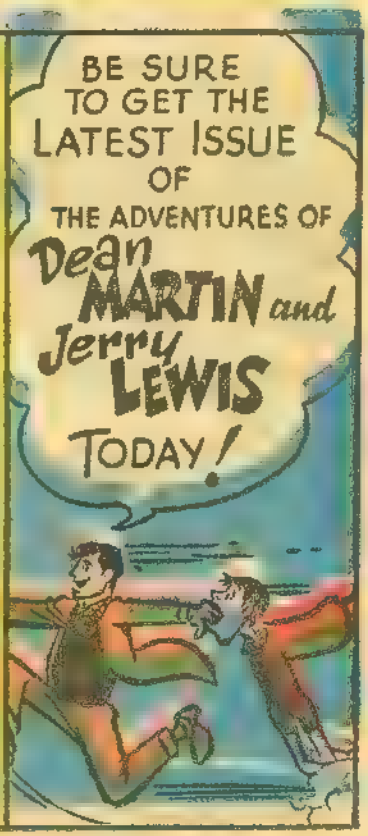


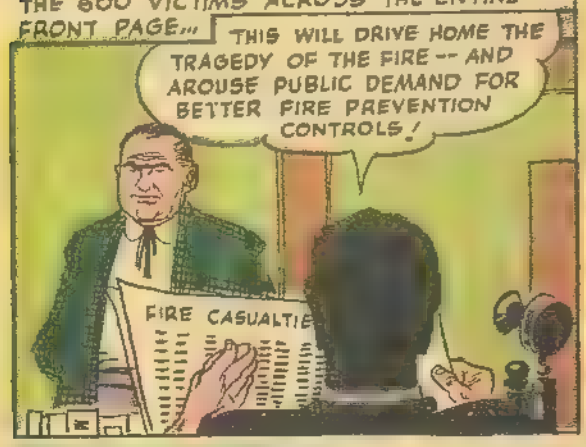
HEADLINE HEROES

JAMES KEELEY

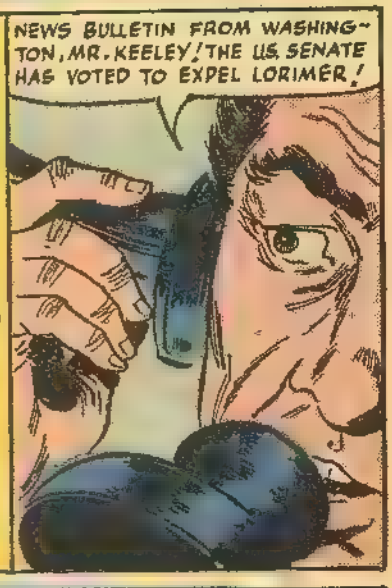
AN ENGLISHMAN BY BIRTH, JAMES KEELEY CAME TO AMERICA AT THE AGE OF 16, AND SERVED HIS NEWSPAPER APPRENTICESHIP ON THE KANSAS CITY *JOURNAL*. SWITCHING TO THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE*, AT 21, HE CREATED A STIR IN NEWSPAPER CIRCLES WITH HIS UNUSUAL ABILITIES AS REPORTER AND NEWS EDITOR...

WHEN A BANK PRESIDENT FLED WITH HIS FIRM'S FUNDS, THE *TRIBUNE* NEWSMAN TRAILED HIM TO MOROCCO WHERE HE PERSUADED HIM TO RETURN TO CHICAGO AND GIVE HIMSELF UP...

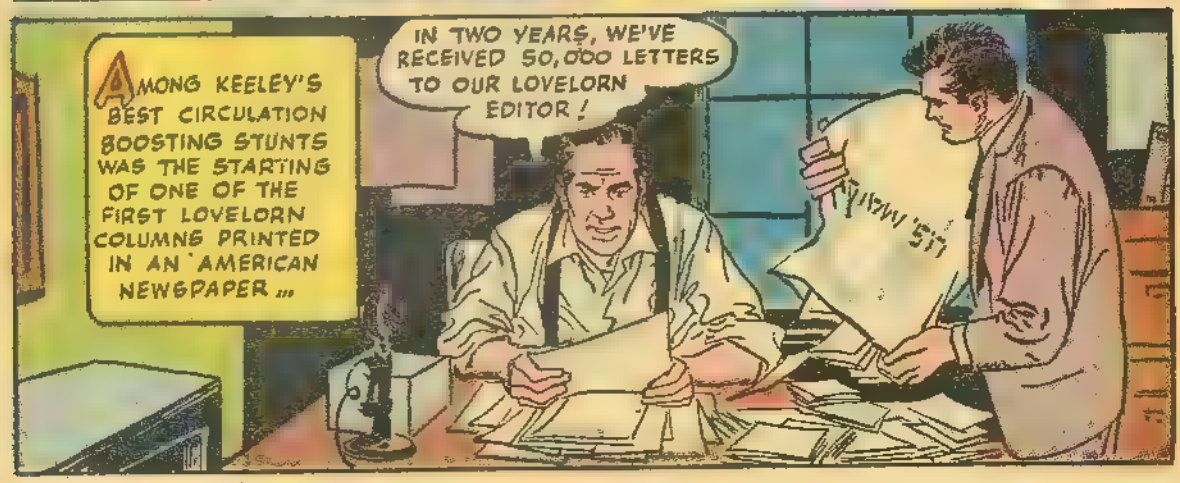
RATHER THAN CONCERN HIMSELF WITH A DETAILED NEWS ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTROUS IROQUOIS THEATER FIRE IN 1903, KEELEY SPREAD THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE 600 VICTIMS ACROSS THE ENTIRE FRONT PAGE...


THIS WILL DRIVE HOME THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIRE -- AND AROUSE PUBLIC DEMAND FOR BETTER FIRE PREVENTION CONTROLS!
FIRE CASUALTIE

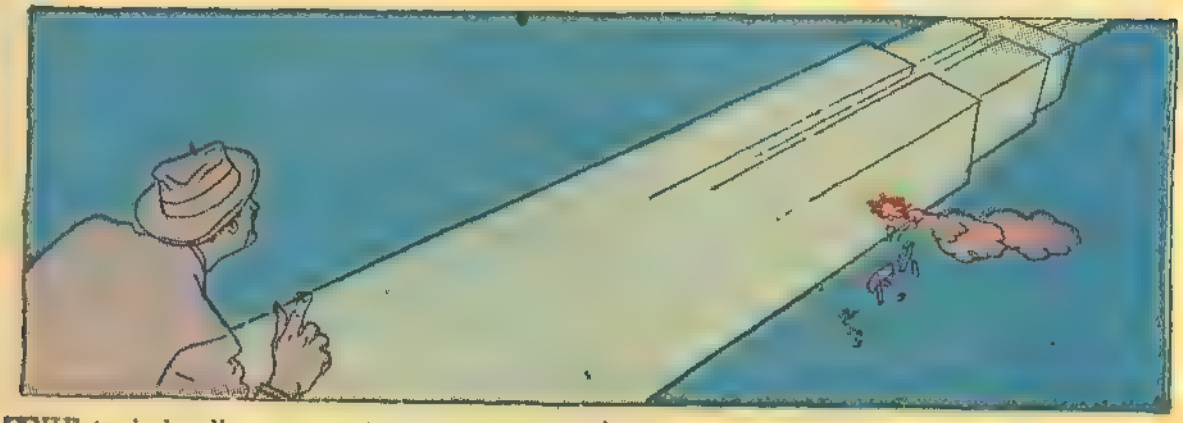
HAVING ACCUMULATED EVIDENCE THAT WILLIAM LORIMER HAD USED BRIBES AND EXTORTIONS TO BE ELECTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE, KEELEY LAUNCHED A CAMPAIGN TO HAVE HIM UNSEATED...



AMONG KEELEY'S BEST CIRCULATION BOOSTING STUNTS WAS THE STARTING OF ONE OF THE FIRST LOVELORN COLUMNS PRINTED IN AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER...



POLICE REPORTER



THE typical police reporter is just as far removed from the popular movie version as the east coast is from the west. There are notable exceptions, of course, but the average reporter rarely goes in for gang-busting.

Overlooking the exception, the typical police reporter is just a hard-working, conscientious newsman, whose only interest is in getting all the facts, and getting them faster than the next reporter.

Unlike crime reporters in small towns, or the movies, he never gets on a chummy call-me-by-my-first-name basis with the police captain, and is never called upon to solve their cases for them.

The police reporter must have a complete knowledge of the police force and its methods. From long and wide experience, he has learned when to intrude himself into the company of the police sergeant in charge of the case—and, more important, when not to. The policeman's job is to solve crimes, not talk to reporters.

And, for the most part, the work is hard, plodding, routine stuff. The news he deals in may be more colorful and exciting than the news gathered by the financial reporter, or the fashion editor, but it is also dreary, sordid and gruesome. And he gets no pleasure from dragging the news out of the heartbroken, or suspicious.

The only time a crime story comes easy is when the case is immediately solved, or police are able to pride themselves on a difficult case licked by superior police work. In such cases, the police are understandably very willing to "tell all" to the newsmen. But when the crime fighters are stumped, reporters are given short shrift.

And here is where the unusual, Steve Wilson type of newsman can show his mettle. If he is capable, he doesn't wait for a police handout, but gets his own facts from witnesses and principals in the case.

This, tied up with whatever he can learn from the police, usually adds up to an interesting and exciting story.

The good police reporter knows when the person he is questioning is lying, or embroidering a story for his own benefit. The reporter learns to sift the facts, separate fact from fiction, and weigh what's left very carefully before he turns it in to the city desk.

Most big daily newspapers divide the city by boroughs, assigning one man to each. This coincides with the manner in which the police department divides up the city. And all areas are linked together by telephone, teletype, and radio. A policeman no longer bangs his stick on the sidewalk for aid.

Modern science does the calling for him. And the heart of this vast signal and information system is the telegraph bureau at police headquarters. Every occurrence, large of small, which requires the attention of a policeman, finds its way to the bureau.

Here, almost every minute of the day and night in a large city, the police announcers call instructions and orders to the hundreds of radio patrol cars and patrolmen, and move miniature replicas on a huge map, like chessmen.

For the police reporter this is his initial source of news—this, and the police teletype which clicks out the events of the police day in grim, unemotional language.

No matter how grim or gruesome the story, the language used on the teletype never varies—it is cold, factual and almost unimportant-sounding. And that is where experience and instinct count for the police reporter.

For it is his job to decide within a matter of minutes, whether the bare facts outlined in the police slip, constitute the makings of a big story, or not. He can't play it safe and investigate every report, for there are too many slips and too few hours.

So he studies the slips, learns the language, and is soon able to spot if its contents warrant his attention. Naturally, not every slip requires study. Some of them speak for themselves. Consider a police slip that came through at exactly 10:00 A.M. on July 28, 1945, which read:

"14th Precinct. Smoke observed on upper floor of Empire State Building."

The slip made no mention of the real story behind this smokescreen, which was that, only a few minutes before, a B-25 Army Bomber had crashed into the 79th floor, killing fourteen persons and sending tons of debris into the street below.

Yet even the cub reporter could tell you that a fire, any kind of fire, in the world's tallest building, is worth a news story. That's why police reporters rushed to the scene long before the teletype clicked out the whole awesome story.

You may have seen in dozens of moving pictures how competing reporters rush out madly to cover a police occurrence, each one bent on reaching the scene first. Obtaining a story before the others reporters is called "getting a break." But sometimes it might happen that the reporter to arrive "last" not "first" gets the break.

For example, two oil-filled tankers collided in New York bay one February morning in 1945, causing the deaths of 40 seamen and injuries to almost 150 others. All survivors, many of them critically burned, were taken to hospitals in Staten Island, and early reporters rushed to them to get the survivors' stories of the disaster.

One reporter was hours late—so late that when he arrived the fire was completely extinguished and all survivors had been taken away. Well, not all—one remained. He happened to be the seaman who became lost in the hold of one of the burning ships and stumbled into a refrigerator for safety.

He stayed there until the fire was out, and was brought ashore just as the late reporter arrived on the scene. The story of his experience was far more interesting and dramatic than the others, and he won high praise for his "scoop."

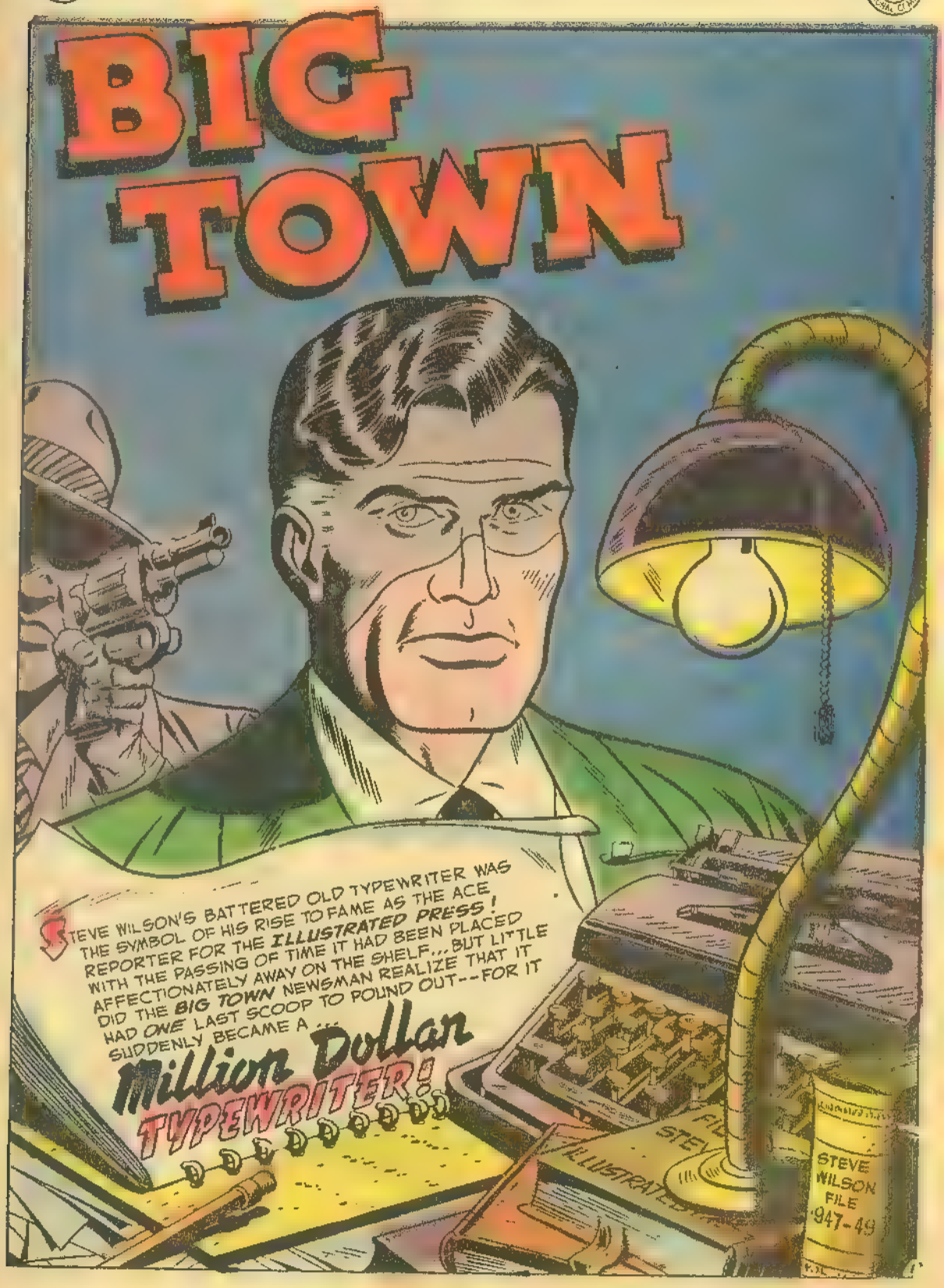
The police reporter must bear in mind one stunning fact—that policemen seldom recognize a story or what makes a good story. Why should they? They're not paid to recognize stories—they don't care about stories; consequently, they often become impatient with the crime reporters.

As a matter of fact, during an investigation, a detective doesn't want to be bothered by newsmen—a reporter means questions, questions, and more questions. And they've got work to do.

But modern, progressive policemen are taking a changed view of this subject—for there have been many recent instances where a crime reporter's "interference" has led to the solution of the crime. It all boils down to personalities and individuals.

Where detectives, through long experience, have learned to respect the intelligence and deductive powers of a good crime reporter, he will be apt to call a police reporter in, instead of trying to brush him off. After all, the average cop doesn't seek glory when on a case. He wants the case solved as quickly as possible for several good reasons.

Chiefly, so justice may be done. And then he wants to go home and soak his tired feet in hot water. And if a police reporter will get him home quicker, so much the better.


BIG TOWN
STEVE WILSON'S BATTERED OLD TYPEWRITER WAS THE SYMBOL OF HIS RISE TO FAME AS THE ACE REPORTER FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! WITH THE PASSING OF TIME IT HAD BEEN PLACED AFFECTIONATELY AWAY ON THE SHELF... BUT LITTLE DID THE BIG TOWN NEWSMAN REALIZE THAT IT HAD ONE LAST SCOOP TO POUND OUT--FOR IT SUDDENLY BECAME A...
Million Dollar TYPEWRITER!
STEVE WILSON FILE 947-49

BIG TOWN

IN HIS OFFICE AT THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*, NEWSMAN STEVE WILSON RECEIVES AN UNUSUAL CALLER...

I'M CARL MANNING--BOARD MEMBER OF THE NEWSPAPER *HALL OF FAME!* THE BOARD HAS VOTED TO PLACE YOUR TYPEWRITER IN OUR COLLECTION!

YOU DON'T MEAN MY BATTERED OLD PORTABLE, "SCOOP"?

EXACTLY! WE FEEL YOUR OLD TYPEWRITER--"SCOOP", AS YOU CALL IT--IS WORTHY OF THAT HONOR!

FUNNY--I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO ATTACHED ANY IMPORTANCE TO "SCOOP"!

MANNING REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE--BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHOM--

AS STEVE UNLOCKS THE CABINET AND BRINGS FORTH HIS PRIZED POSSESSION...

EVERYONE IN BIG TOWN REMEMBERS THE COUNTLESS PAGE ONE STORIES YOU TYPED OUT ON THAT TYPEWRITER, MR. WILSON!

YES! WE'VE CERTAINLY SEEN SOME ROUGH DEADLINES! I REMEMBER THE FIRST BIG STORY...

"I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO DO A STORY ON THE *CHECKMATES*--A GANG OF HIRED KILLERS IMPORTED INTO *BIG TOWN*..."

ANY LUCK, STEVE?

ENOUGH TO CRACK THE GANG WIDE OPEN, LORELEI! I MANAGED TO GET HOOD ED KENTON TO TALK... I'VE LEARNED THE KILLERS' IDENTITIES AND THEIR METHOD OF OPERATION!

HOW YOU CAN CLING TO THAT PORTABLE TYPEWRITER--WHEN YOU CAN USE ONE OF THE OFFICE'S NICE, NEW UPRIGHTS--IS BEYOND ME, STEVE!

I'M USED TO THIS PORTABLE, LORELEI! HOW ABOUT ORDERING ME SOME COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS?

"AFTER LORELEI LEFT, I STARTED WRITING THE STORY. A MAN'S HAND WAS PLACED ON THE ARM OF MY CHAIR..."

HI, STEVE!

THAT RING--ON THAT MAN'S FINGER! IT'S THE *CHECKMATE* GANG'S WAY OF IDENTIFYING EACH OTHER! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY INTERVIEW WITH KENTON--THIS HOOD'S HERE TO KILL ME!

"AS I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS..."
C'MON, YOU GUYS! WE'LL TAKE WILSON FOR A LONG RIDE WHEN WE FINISH THE JOB!
HERE'S YOUR PUNCHIN' BOARD, NEWSHOUND! WRITE UP YOUR WILL!
WAK!
HOW CAN A BOUND AND GAGGED MAN SUMMON HELP? IF I COULD ONLY USE THAT TELEPHONE--BUT SAY--MAYBE I CAN GET MY TYPEWRITER TO TALK FOR ME!
"FIRST I STRUCK THE TELEPHONE WITH MY SHOULDER, KNOCKING IT TO THE FLOOR..."
SMASH!
"THEN I HURLED MYSELF OUT OF THE CHAIR..."
THUMP!
"STRAINING MY FINGERS I TAPPED A CRUDE SOS ON ONE OF THE KEYS--DESPERATELY HOPING THE OPERATOR WOULD INVESTIGATE..."
TAK-TAK-TAK-TAK-TAK-TAK-TAK-
HELLO.. HELLO..
"THE GANG RECEIVED QUITE A SHOCK WHEN THEY RETURNED..."
COPPERS! WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
A SMART REPORTER AND AN ALERT TELEPHONE OPERATOR GOT TOGETHER!
YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT IT--IN JAIL!

"YES--THE OLD PORTABLE WAS ALWAYS GETTING ME OUT OF TIGHT SCRAPES! I REMEMBER WHEN BIG JENSON'S BOYS CORNERED ME AFTER I HAD THE TYPE-WRITER MACHINE REPAIRED..."

WILSON! GET OVER TO THAT CAR--AND NO TRICKS!

THEY'RE PROBABLY AFTER THAT SECRET CONFESSION SIGNED BY BIG JENSON--THAT I GOT FROM ONE OF HIS ACCOMPLICES--BEFORE HE WAS KILLED BY JENSON HIMSELF!

TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED

"THE GANG TOOK ME TO BIG JENSON'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT..."

IF YOUR NEWSPAPER GIVES US THAT INFORMATION THEY GOT ON THE BOSS--YOU'RE A FREE MAN! IF NOT--YOU'RE A DEAD ONE! IT'S A FORTY-FLOOR DROP TO THE STREET! IF YOU FEEL LIKE LEAVING, THIS IS THE ONLY EXIT--AND WE'LL BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR!

HMM--SOMEBODY'S IN THAT LIGHTED APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING OPPOSITE! HOW CAN I ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION? CAN'T CALL OUT FOR HELP--THE GANG IN THE NEXT ROOM WOULD OVERHEAR ME!

"ONCE AGAIN MY PORTABLE SUPPLIED THE ANSWER--I TOOK THE RIBBON OUT--WOUND IT TIGHTLY AROUND THE METAL SPOOL, HELD ONE END OF IT AND..."

SWOOSH!

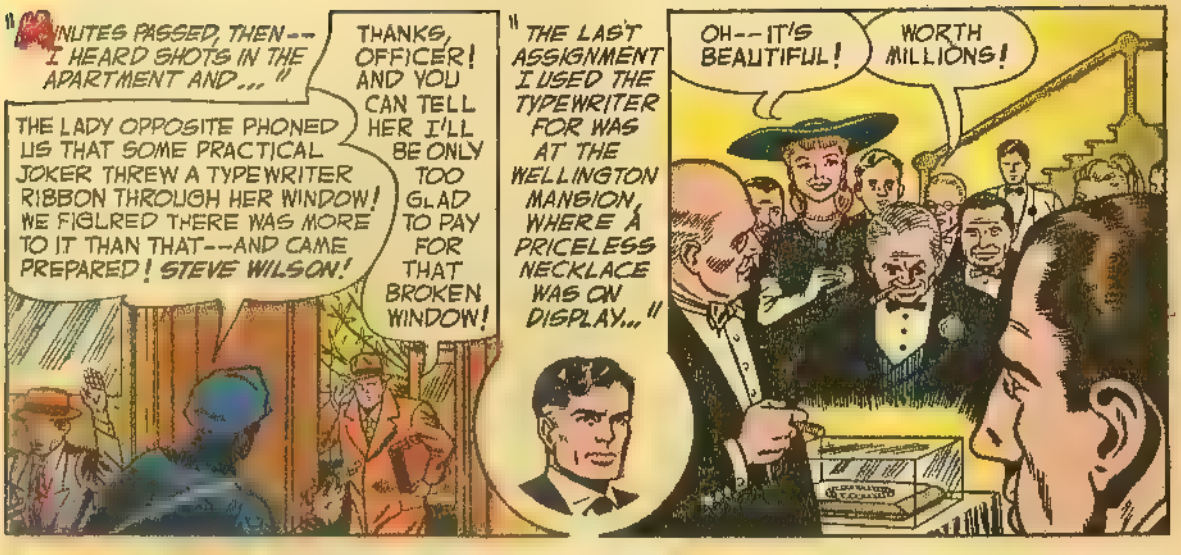
MISSED--!

"FRANTICALLY, I RECOVERED THE SPOOL, DANGLING AT THE END OF THE RIBBON..."

GOT TO REWIND THE RIBBON AROUND THE SPOOL AGAIN--BEFORE THOSE HOODS SUSPECT SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE!

"THIS TIME, WHEN I THREW THE SPOOL..."

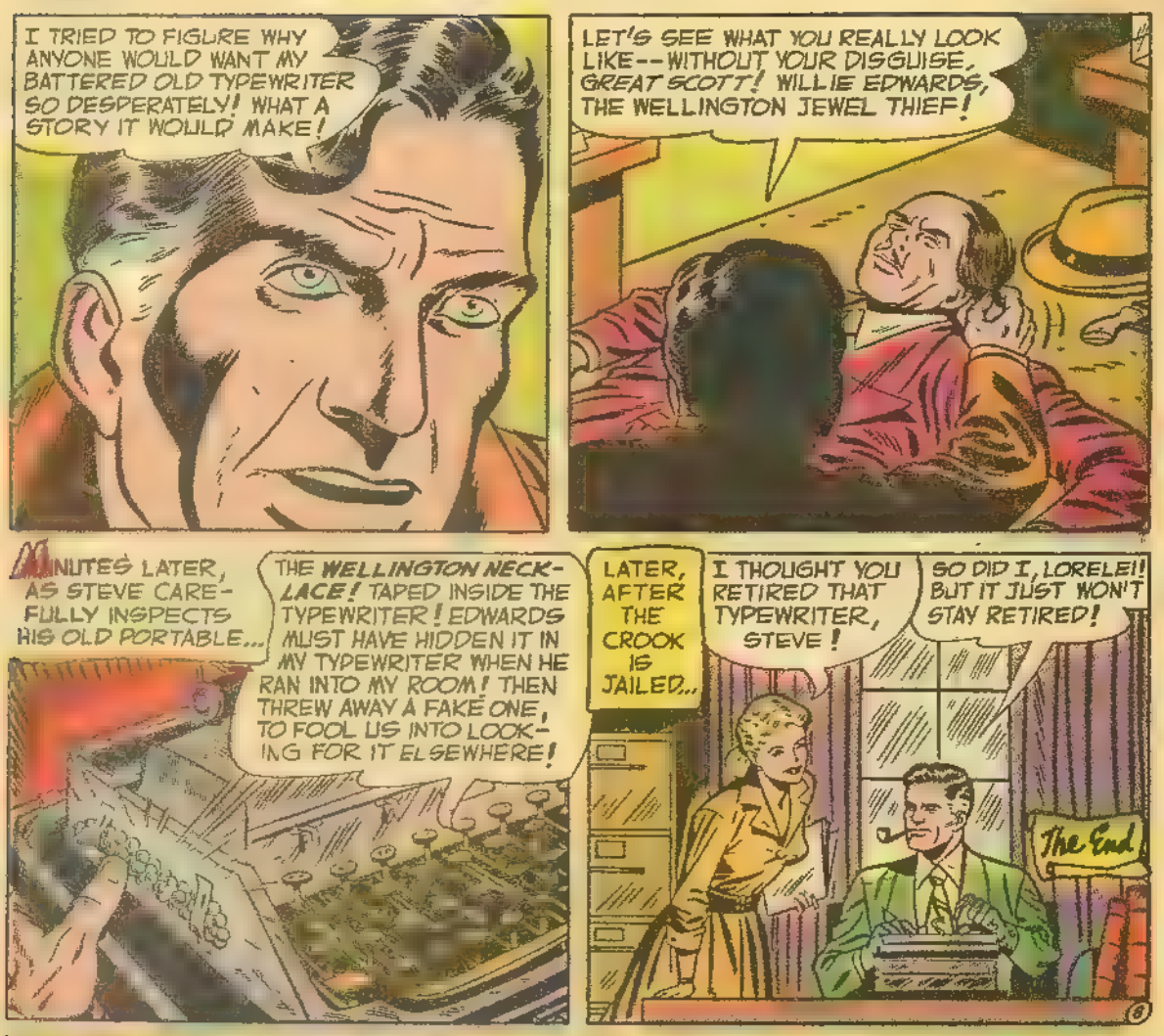
CRASH!

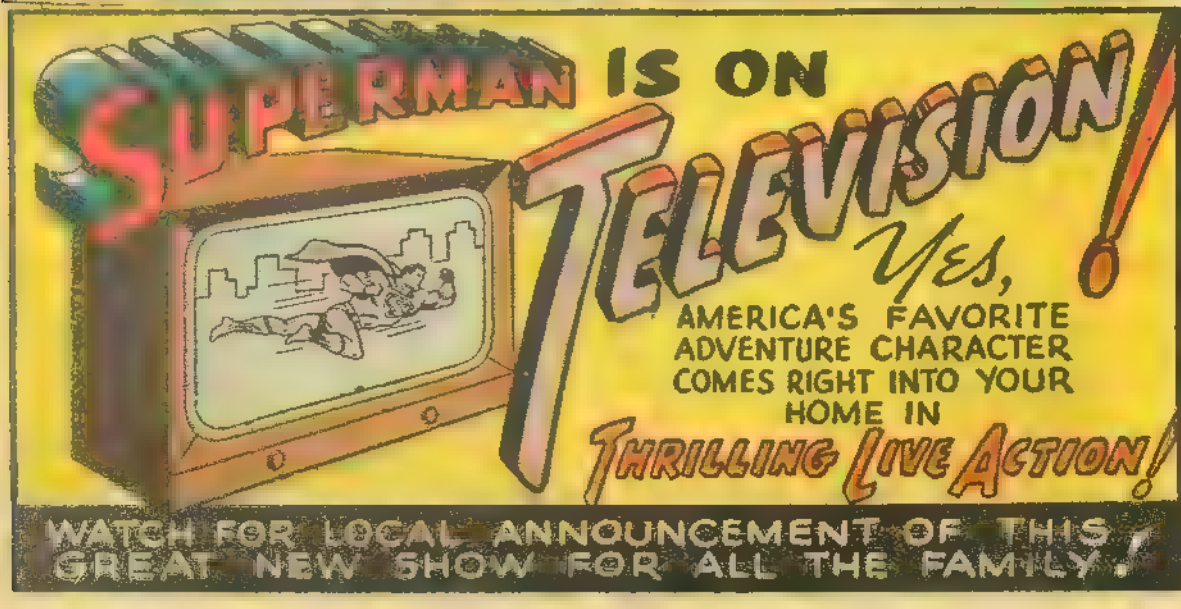

"MINUTES PASSED, THEN--I HEARD SHOTS IN THE APARTMENT AND..."
THE LADY OPPOSITE PHONED US THAT SOME PRACTICAL JOKER THREW A TYPEWRITER RIBBON THROUGH HER WINDOW! WE FIGURED THERE WAS MORE TO IT THAN THAT--AND CAME PREPARED! STEVE WILSON!
THANKS, OFFICER! AND YOU CAN TELL HER I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO PAY FOR THAT BROKEN WINDOW!
"THE LAST ASSIGNMENT I USED THE TYPEWRITER FOR WAS AT THE WELLINGTON MANSION, WHERE A PRICELESS NECKLACE WAS ON DISPLAY..."
OH--IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
WORTH MILLIONS!

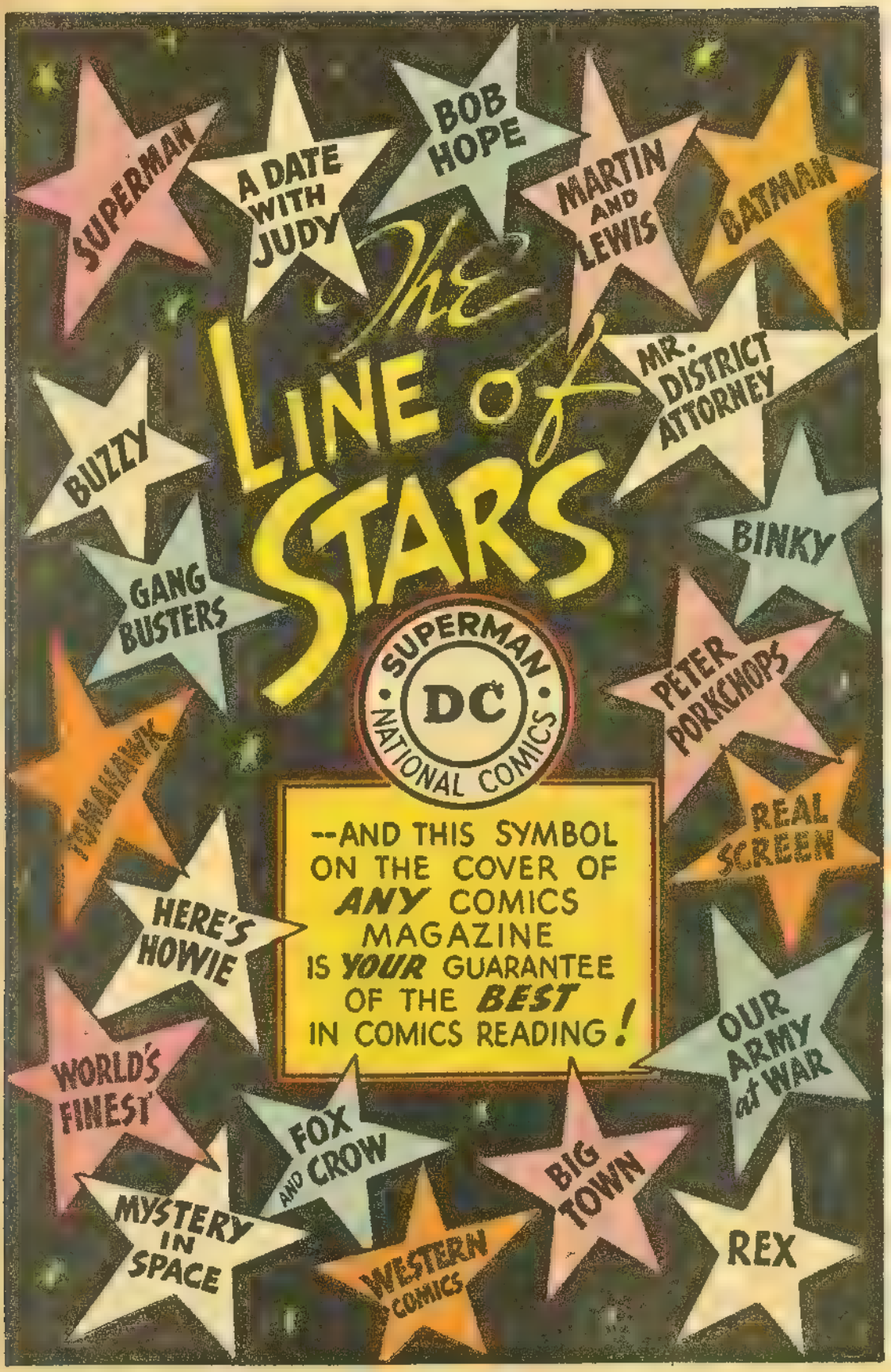
"SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT..."
"AS FLASHLIGHTS WERE TURNED ON..."
THE NECKLACE! IT'S BEEN STOLEN!
THAT MAN RUNNING UPSTAIRS MUST HAVE STOLEN IT!
"HE RAN INTO MY ROOM WHERE I KEPT MY TYPEWRITER, BROUGHT ALONG TO WRITE A SPECIAL FEATURE ON THE NECKLACE..."
THE THIEF'S HIDDEN HIMSELF IN MY ROOM!
CRASH!

THE CROOK HAS CLIMBED DOWN AND IS ESCAPING THROUGH THE GARDEN--WHILE EVERYONE IS RUNNING UPSTAIRS!
GOT TO CATCH UP TO HIM!
6

"A FEW STRUTS AWAY, I FINALLY CAUGHT UP TO HIM..."
YOU WEREN'T VERY CLEVER--TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH ROBBERY WHEN YOU WERE SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE ON ALL SIDES!
THE NECKLACE--IT'S FALLING INTO THE SEWER!
NOBODY'S GETTING THIS NECKLACE IF I CAN'T HAVE IT! NOBODY!
"THE THIEF, WILLIE EDWARDS, WAS JAILED--BUT AFTER DAYS OF DREDGING THE SEWERAGE MAIN..."
IT'S NO USE! THE HEAVY RAIN MUST HAVE WASHED THAT NECKLACE INTO THE RIVER! IT'S PROBABLY RESTING IN A TON OF MUD BY NOW!
A FORTUNE LOST!
--AS THE NEWSMAN FINISHES REMINISCING...
YES, THE WELLINGTON ROBBERY WITH ITS FABULOUS NECKLACE STILL MISSING--WAS THE LAST STORY I TYPED OUT ON OLD "SCOOP"!--LET'S GO, MR. MANNING!
MY PLEASURE, MR. WILSON!
LATER, AT NEWSDOM'S HALL OF FAME...
WHERE IS EVERYONE? THE PLACE IS DESERTED!
THE COMEDY'S OVER, WILSON! GIVE ME THAT TYPEWRITER BEFORE I BLAST YOU!
HERE IT IS, MANNING!
BLAM!
UGH!
I KNEW YOU WERE A FAKE THE MOMENT YOU STEPPED INTO MY OFFICE! YOU SEE--I HAPPEN TO BE ON THE NOMINATING BOARD OF THE NEWSPAPER HALL OF FAME! AND NOTHING BELONGING TO ANY LIVING MAN IS DISPLAYED!
WHAM!


I TRIED TO FIGURE WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT MY BATTERED OLD TYPEWRITER SO DESPERATELY! WHAT A STORY IT WOULD MAKE!
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE--WITHOUT YOUR DISGUISE, GREAT SCOTT! WILLIE EDWARDS, THE WELLINGTON JEWEL THIEF!
MINUTES LATER, AS STEVE CAREFULLY INSPECTS HIS OLD PORTABLE...
THE WELLINGTON NECKLACE! TAPED INSIDE THE TYPEWRITER! EDWARDS MUST HAVE HIDDEN IT IN MY TYPEWRITER WHEN HE RAN INTO MY ROOM! THEN THREW AWAY A FAKE ONE, TO FOOL US INTO LOOKING FOR IT ELSEWHERE!
LATER, AFTER THE CROOK IS JAILED...
I THOUGHT YOU RETIRED THAT TYPEWRITER, STEVE!
SO DID I, LORELEI! BUT IT JUST WON'T STAY RETIRED!
The End


SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!
YES,
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ADVENTURE CHARACTER COMES RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME IN
THRILLING LIVE ACTION!
WATCH FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY!


SUPERMAN
A DATE WITH JUDY
BOB HOPE
MARTIN AND LEWIS
BATMAN
The LINE of STARS
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
BUZZY
BINKY
GANG BUSTERS
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
PETER PORKCHOPS
TOMAHAWK
REAL SCREEN
--AND THIS SYMBOL ON THE COVER OF ANY COMICS MAGAZINE IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN COMICS READING!
HERE'S HOWIE
OUR ARMY at WAR
WORLD'S FINEST
FOX AND CROW
BIG TOWN
MYSTERY IN SPACE
WESTERN COMICS
REX

YES PAL! IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can Become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN Like We Did!

WE WERE SKINNY WRECKS Like YOU!

BEFORE
We Mailed Coupon

YOU TOO CAN BECOME An AMAZING NEW HE-MAN
If You Mail Coupon NOW

AFTER
We Mailed Coupon
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!
Mail Coupon Below

Hi SKINNY

—they used to say before I took the Jowett Course. I was run down, anemic, ashamed in a bathing suit. Now I have added 30 lbs. of steel-strong muscle —6" to my arms— 10" to my chest. Jowett has given me a new body that is the envy of the neighborhood.

SICKLY GRIMM BEFORE

Ken Grimm
Chicago, Ill.

I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be me in a matter of weeks through Jowett training. You can win a BIG SILVER TROPHY as I did. I went from SKINNY, puny 90 lbs. to this All-American HE-MAN. NOW it looks like I'll make the football team just like you can too.

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb. Skeleton

Gleason R. Cleveland
Rochester, N. Y.

In 10 Minutes of Fun A Day I Changed From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN

I gained 49 lbs.—added 7" to my chest—3" to each arm. WITH ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity. Mail the ALL-FREE Coupon below as I did.

JACKSON BEFORE

Jobie Jackson
Arkansas

KEN GRIMM AFTER

KEN is NOW a HEAD-to-TOE HE-MAN as you can be soon

Full of Pep and Power

GLEASON R. CLEVELAND AFTER

160-lb. He-Man Athletic, Popular, Self-Confident A Success with Men and Girls!

JOBIE JACKSON AFTER 90 Days!

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU CAN WIN $100

AND A BIG 15" tall SILVER CUP!
Let me make YOU an ALL-AROUND **HE-MAN**
as I made these former SKINNY and FLABBY WEAKLINGS

IN which of the above groups does YOUR BODY belong? The 3 scrawny and flabby fellows on the top are the SAME fellows as the 3 HUSKIES on the bottom! YOUR PHOTO can soon belong to the HE-MAN GROUP . . .

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and tired as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN were of being SKINNY OR FLABBY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET ALL 5 FREE PICTURE-PACKED COURSES
Millions Have Been Sold for $1 And More
Send 10c for Postage & Handling

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build a MIGHTY CHEST
How to Build MIGHTY LEGS
How to Build a MIGHTY BACK
How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP
PHOTO BOOK HOW to Achieve Heroes of Sport Muscles of Iron
How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

PLUS FREE

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like these champs did . . . Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

LAST CHANCE — ALL FREE COUPON!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

Dept. NC 35

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —R. P. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BUY A DAISY . . . JOIN A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB!

See These Daisys At Your Store Now! Ask Dad To "Please" Buy You A Daisy!

No. 111
DAISY 1000-SHOT
RED RYDER CARBINE
Looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Loads like lightning! Holds nearly 1000 BBs. Leather thong attached to Carbine Ring. Handsomely "checkered" molded fore-end. Full-oval, pistol-grip stock with Red Ryder "branded" on it. Only $5.95.
No. 25 DAISY PUMP GUN $7.98
No. 141 DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER 50-SHOT, FORCE-FEED, $7.98
No. 155 DAISY "1000"-SHOT REPEATER, $4.98
No. 102 DAISY 350-SHOT, $5.98
RED RYDER

You can *help* get that beautiful Daisy! *First*, mail coupon for new 40-page Daisy Booklet. *Second*, tear off this page—give to Dad—ask him to please read it. *Third*, tell him you want to join—or start—a junior air rifle club so you can learn safe, proper shooting. *Daisy's new booklet* shows any junior, adult or organization exactly how to start a club or to add air rifle shooting to any group's junior program. Hurry—send coupon—tear out ad and show it to Dad after supper tonight!

Members from 4 of the 5 Civitan Junior Air Rifle Clubs (Hagerstown, Md.) in tournament shoot. FUN!

SAFEST GUN of its Kind

Safest *because* a Daisy is NOT a pneumatic NOR a compressed air gun. *It cannot* be "pumped up" to increase power! A Daisy is a low "factory-limited" power, short range spring-type air rifle—best and safest of its kind for teaching juniors safe gun handling—since 1888!

No. 111 ONLY $5.95

PARENTS! Read These Club Facts:

Spring-type air rifle club shooting—under adult supervision—needs no expensive "firearms" range—no costly backstops—no expensive "ammunition." The official club shooting distance of 15 feet means any 20 foot space—indoors or out—will do. Large grocery corrugated cartons (stuffed with wadded papers) provide adequate backstops. 168 air rifle BBs cost only about 5c! Send now for club booklet . . . it will fascinate you!

NEW 40-PAGE BOOKLET Includes:

1. HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB
Complete, proven "how to do it" program. Also detailed forms on by-laws, membership application blank, parent's information sheet, member's cards, safe shooting instructions, targets, Marksmanship Awards, etc.

2. THE AMAZING DAISY AIR RIFLE STORY
How it works—why it is safest of its kind!

3. LATEST DAISY AIR RIFLES CATALOG
All Daisys described, pictured in large size!

Mail Coupon Now!

Prices subject to change without notice and higher West of Rockies. Do NOT order direct—See YOUR DEALER!

SEND FOR IT! SHOW TO DAD! GET A DAISY!

DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT *approved* FOR USE IN

DAISY AIR RIFLES

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Dept. 1553, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

I enclose one nickel (5c in coin) to help cover postage-handling cost. Send 40-Page DAISY BOOKLET postpaid!

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City.....State.....

Group Name (if any).....

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"THE CHECKMATES WOULD KILL ANYWHERE, ANYTIME TO PRESERVE THEIR SECRET IDENTITIES. A NEWSPAPERMAN WAS NO EXCEPTION..."

HE'S GOING TO THROW THAT KNIFE AT ME!

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'D LIVE--ONCE YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT US, SNOOPER?

"AS THE KILLER HURLED HIS KNIFE I GRABBED UP THE TYPEWRITER..."

HERE'S WHERE YOU RETIRE!

DO YOU MIND IF I FINISH THE STORY I'M ON FIRST?

PLUNK!

HUH?

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO READ IT--TO CHECK FOR ERRORS?

OOOPH!

CRASH!

STEVE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

A SLIGHT CASE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER! BUT THANKS TO "SCOOP" I HAVE A PAGE ONE STORY INSTEAD OF AN OBITUARY! CALL THE POLICE, PLEASE--THEN LET'S HAVE OUR COFFEE!

"AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT THE PATSY GANG DISCOVERED ME IN THEIR OUT-OF-TOWN HIDEOUT--"

GLAD I HURRIED HERE BEFORE EVEN CHECKING IN AT THE HOTEL TO DROP OFF MY TYPEWRITER...

THIS IS HOW WE TAKE CARE OF NEWSHAWKS WHEN THEY GET TOO NOSEY!

OOF!

THUMP!